

## TABERNACLE PULPIT.

CHRIST IS THE RESCUER OF ALL MANKIND.

Dr. Talmage Sends a Sermon from the Islands of the South Pacific Ocean—Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and be Saved.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Sept. 2.—Rev. Dr. Talmage, who is still absent in the South Pacific, has selected as the subject of to-day's sermon through the press, "The Rescue," the text chosen being Acts 16:31 "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved."

This is dark, dull, damp, loathsome places even now; but they were worse in the apostolic times. I imagine, to-day, we are standing in the Philippian dungeon. Do you not feel the chill? Do you not hear the groans of those incarcerated ones who for ten years have not seen the sunlight, and the deep sigh of women who remember their father's house, and mourn over their wasted estates? Listen again. It is the cough of a consumptive, or the struggle of one in the nightmare of a great horror. You listen again, and hear a culprit, his chains rattling as he rolls over in his dreams, and you say, "God pity the prisoner." But there is another sound in that prison. It is the song of joy and gladness. What a place to sing in! The music comes winding through the corridors of the prison, and in all the dark wards the whisper is heard, "What's that? What's that?"

It is the song of Paul and Silas. They can not sleep. They have been whipped, very badly whipped. The long gashes on their backs are bleeding yet. They lie flat on the cold ground, their feet fast in wooden sockets, and of course they can not sleep. But they can sing. Jailers, what are you doing with these people? Why have they been put in here? Oh, they have been trying to make the world better. Is that all? That is all. A pit for Joseph. A lion's cage for Daniel. A blazing furnace for Shadrach. Clubs for John Wesley. An anathema for Philip Melancthon. A dungeon for Paul and Silas.

But while we are standing in the gloom of the Philippian dungeon, and we hear the mingling voices of sob and groan and blasphemy and hallelujah, suddenly an earthquake! The iron bars of the prison twist, the pillars creak off, the solid masonry begins to break, and all the doors swing open. The jailer, feeling himself responsible for these prisoners, and believing, in his pagan ignorance, suicide to be honorable—since Brutus killed himself and Cato killed himself and Cassius killed himself—puts his sword to his own heart, proposing with one keen thrust to put an end to his excitement and agitation. But Paul cries out, "Stop! stop! no harm. We are all here."

Then I see the jailer running through the dust and amid the ruin of that prison, and I see him throwing himself down at the feet of these prisoners, crying out, "What shall I do? What shall I do?" Did Paul answer, "Get out of this place before there is another earthquake; put handcuffs and hoppers on these other prisoners, lest they get away?" No word of that kind. His compact, thrilling, tremendous answer, answer memorable all through earth and heaven, was, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved."

Well, we have all read of the earthquake in Lisbon, in Lima, in Aleppo, and in Caracass; but we live in a latitude where in all our memory there has not been one severe volcanic disturbance. And yet we have seen fifty earthquakes. Here is a man who has been building up a large fortune. His bid on the money market was felt in all the cities. He thinks he has got beyond all annoying rivalries in trade and he says to himself, "Now I am free and safe from all possible perturbation." But in 1857 or in 1873 a national panic strikes the foundation of the commercial world, and crash goes all that magnificent business establishment. Here is a man who has built up a very beautiful home. His daughters have just come home from the seminary with diplomas of graduation. His sons have started in life, honest, temperate, and pure. When the evening lights are struck, there is a happy and unbroken family circle. But there has been an accident down at Long Branch. The young man ventured too far out in the surf. The telegraph hurried the terror up to the city. An earthquake struck under the foundation of that beautiful home.

The piano closed; the curtains dropped; the laughter hushed. Crash! go all those domestic hopes and prospects and expectations. So, my friends, we have all felt the shaking down of some great trouble, and there was a time when we were as much excited as this man of the text, and we cried out as he did, "What shall I do? What shall I do?" The same reply that the apostle made to him is appropriate to us. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

There are some documents of so little importance that you do not care to put any more than your last name under them, or even your initials; but there are some documents of so great importance that you write out your full name. So the Saviour in some parts of the Bible is called "Lord," and in other parts of the Bible he is called "Jesus," and in other parts of the Bible he is called "Christ"; but that there might be no mistake about this passage all three names come together—"The Lord Jesus Christ."

Now, who is this being that you want me to trust in and believe in? Men sometimes come to me with credentials and certificates of good character, but I can not trust them. There is some dishonesty in their looks that makes me know that I will

be cheated if I confide in them. You can not put your heart's confidence in a man until you know what stuff he is made of, and I am unreasonable when I stop to ask you who this is that you want me to trust in? No man would think of venturing his life on a vessel going out to sea that had never been inspected.

No, you must have the certificate hung amidships, telling how many tons it carries, and how long ago it was built, and who built it, and all about it. And you can not expect me to risk the cargo of my immortal interests on board any craft till you tell me what it is made of, and where it was made, and what it is.

When, then, I ask you who this is you want me to trust in, you tell me he is a very attractive person. Contemporary writers describe his whole appearance as being resplendent. There was no need for Christ to tell the children to come to him. "Suffer little children to come unto me," was not spoken to the children; it was spoken to the disciples. The children came readily enough without any invitation. No sooner did Jesus appear, than the little ones jumped from their mothers' arms, an avalanche of beauty and love, into his lap. Christ did not ask John to put his head down on his bosom; John could not help but put his head there. I suppose a look at Christ was just to love him. How attractive his manner! Why, when they saw Christ coming along the street, they ran into their houses, and they wrapped up their invalids as quick as they could, and brought them out that he might look at them. Oh, there was something so pleasant, so inviting, so cheering in everything he did, in his very look. When these sick ones were brought out did he say: "Do not bring before me these sores; do not trouble me with these leprosy's?" No, no; there was a kind look, there was a gentle word, there was a healing touch. They could not keep away from him.

In addition to this softness of character, there was a fiery momentum. How the kings of the earth turned pale. Here is a plain man with a few sailors at his back, coming off the sea of Galilee, going up to the palace of the Caesars, making that palace quake to the foundations, and uttering a word of mercy and kindness which throbs through all the earth, and through all the heavens, and through all ages. Oh, he was a loving Christ. But it was not effeminacy or insipidity of character; it was accompanied with majesty, infinite and omnipotent. Lest the world should not realize his earnestness, this Christ mounts the cross.

You say: "If Christ has to die, why not let him take some deadly poison and lie on a couch in some bright and beautiful home? If he must die, let him expire amid all kindly attentions." No, the world must hear the hammers on the heads of the spikes. The world must listen to the death rattle of the sufferer. The world must feel his warm blood dropping on each cheek, while it looks up into the face of his anguish. And so the cross must be lifted, and a hole is dug on the top of Calvary.

It must be dug three feet deep, and then the cross is laid on the ground, and the sufferer is stretched upon it, and the nails are pounded through nerve and muscle and bone, through the right hand, through the left hand; and then they shake his right hand to see if it is fast, and they heave up the wood, half a dozen shoulders under the weight, and they put the end of the cross to the mouth of the hole, and they plunge it in, all the weight of his body coming down for the first time on the spikes; and while some hold the cross upright, others throw in the dirt and trample it down, and trample it hard.

Oh, plant the tree well and thoroughly, for it is to bear fruit such as no other tree ever bore. Why did Christ endure this? He could have taken those rocks, and with them crushed his crucifiers. He could have reached up and grasped the sword of the Omnipotent God, and with one clean cut have tumbled them into perdition. But no, he was to die. He must die. His life for your life. In a European city a young man died on the scaffold for the crime of murder. Some time after, the mother of this young man was dying, and the priest came in, and she made confession to the priest that she was the murderer, and not her son; in a moment of anger she had struck her husband a blow that slew him. The son came suddenly into the room, and was washing away the wounds and trying to resuscitate his father, when some one looked through the window and saw him and supposed him to be the criminal. That young man died for his own mother. You say, "It was wonderful that he never exposed her." But I tell you of a grander thing. Christ, the Son of God, died not for his mother, not for his father, but for his sworn enemies. Oh, such a Christ as that—so loving, so patient, so self-sacrificing—can you not trust him?

I think there are many under the influence of the Spirit of God who are saying, "I will trust him if you will only tell me how," and the great question asked by many is, "How?" And when I answer you the question I look up and utter the prayer which Rowland Hill so often uttered in the midst of his sermons, "Master, help!" How are you to trust in Christ?

Just as you trust any one. You trust your partner in business with important things. If a commercial house gives you a note payable three months hence, you expect the payment of that note at the end of three months. You have perfect confidence in their word and in their ability. Or again, you go home to-day. You expect there will be food on the table. You have confidence in that. Now, I ask you to have the same confidence in the Lord

Jesus Christ. He says, "You believe; I take away your sins," and they are all taken away. "What?" say you, "before I pray any more?" before I read my Bible any more? before I cry over my sins any more? Yes, this moment. Believe with all your heart and you are saved. Why, Christ is only waiting to get from you what you give to scores of people every day. What is that? Confidence. If these people whom you trust day by day are more worthy than Christ, if they are more faithful than Christ, if they have done more than Christ ever did, then give them the preference; but if you really think that Christ is as trustworthy as they are, then deal with him as fairly.

"Oh," says some one in a light way, "I believe that Christ was born in Bethlehem, and I believe that he died on the cross." Do you believe it with your head or your heart? I will illustrate the difference. You are in your own house. In the morning you open a newspaper and you read how Capt. Braveheart on the sea risked his life for the salvation of his passengers. You say, "What a grand fellow he must have been! His family deserves very well of the country." You fold the newspaper and sit down at the table, and perhaps do not think of that incident again. That is historical faith.

But now you are on the sea, and it is night, and you are asleep, and you are awakened by the shriek of "Fire!" You rush out on the deck. You hear, amid the wringing of the hands and the fainting, the cry: "No hope! No hope! We are lost! We are lost!" The sail puts out its wing of fire, the ropes make a burning ladder in the night heavens, the spirit of wreck hisses in the wave, and on the hurricane deck shakes out its banner of smoke and darkness. "Down with the life boats!" cries the captain. "Down with the life boats!" People rush into them. The boats are about full. Room only for one more man. You are standing on the deck beside the captain. Who shall it be? You or the captain? The captain says, "You." You jump, and are saved. He stands there, and dies. Now, you believe that Captain Braveheart, sacrificed himself for his passengers, but you believe it with love, with tears, with hot and long continued exclamations; with great grief at his loss and joy at your deliverance. That is saving faith.

In other words, what you believe with all the heart, and believe in regard to yourself. On this hinge turns my sermon; aye, the salvation of your immortal soul. You often go across a bridge you know nothing about. You do not know who built the bridge, you do not know what material it is made of; but you come to it and walk over it and ask no questions. And here is an arch bridge blasted from the "Rock of Ages." And built by the Architect of the whole universe, spanning the dark gulfs between sin and righteousness, and all God asks you is to walk across it; and you start, and you come to it, and you stop, and you go a little way on and you stop, and you fall back, and you experiment. You say, "How do I know that bridge will hold me?" instead of marching on with firm step, asking no questions, but feeling that the strength of the eternal God is under you.

Oh, was there ever a prize proffered so cheap as pardon and heaven are offered to you? For how much? A million dollars? It is certainly worth more than that. But cheaper than that you can have it. Ten thousand dollars? Less than that. Five thousand dollars? Less than that. One dollar? Less than that. One farthing? Less than that. "Without money and without price." No money to pay. No journey to take. No penance to suffer. Only just one decisive action of the soul: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

**FEMININITIES.**

It never pays to send the children into the street to get quiet in the parlor.

The Greek church employs two rings, one of gold the other of silver, in the marriage ceremony.

"My darling," whispered the Chicago man. "My life," she murmured. "You are the only wife I ever loved."

Of late years Madame Alboni, the great contralto, who died in Paris recently, had become so fat that she could not walk without the assistance of two strong men.

Mrs. Hicks—Are you sure that you married me for myself alone? Hicks—Of course. Having your mother to live with us was not strictly an idea of mine.

Bride—George, dear, when we reach town let us try to avoid giving the impression that we are newly married. George—All right, Maude; you can carry this bag.

A Canadian bride recently went to the altar with a pet canary tethered to her neck by a gold chain. The bird perched on her shoulder, and during the ceremony burst into a glad song.

A girl baby born to the wife of Juda Grossman, of New York city, lately, has two extra fingers and one additional toe. On each hand there is a second little finger, and on the left foot there are six toes.

In Italian families children's nurses are considered the most important members of the household. They are well paid, petted, finely clothed, and all the other servants are expected to wait upon them.

A French lady of very elegant figure was recently asked why she always had such enormously stout servants. Her answer was characteristic: "To prevent their wearing my clothes when I am away from home."

A sentimental French jury acquitted a forger named Cloaree, at Cherbourg, recently, because he said he wanted the money to send his intended bride to Paris to undergo a surgical operation on which her life depended.

**His Encouragement.**

A celebrated portrait painter once spent a week of delightful rest and quiet at an old New England farmhouse. His host, a man of sturdy common sense, expressed himself as much interested in "painting," and when the artist left the farm he gave the old man a cordial invitation to come to his studio on his next visit to the city. "I'd like to have your opinion of a picture I am painting now," he said, pleasantly. Two months later the farmer, in his Sunday best, presented himself at the studio just as the artist was putting the finishing touches on a beautiful portrait which was to be exhibited within a few days.

Other portraits were in the studio, and the artist watched his farmer-guest's face with curiosity, as he looked about him. There was no mistaking the expression which grew upon his rugged features; it was one of severe disappointment.

"How do you like my pictures?" inquired the artist at last, with a slight feeling of chagrin.

"Oh, I reckon they're real good," said the farmer, with evident effort. "I ain't a dolt, they're fast-rake likenesses, an' so on. But ye see," he added, carefully keeping his gaze directed as far away from the artist as possible, "ye see, I'm a little took aback, fer I cal'lated from what I'd heard that you was further along in your painting. I'd s'posed you'd got so's you could draw out a horse or a cow or a clump o' trees, an' then paint 'em natural as life."

"But there," said the old farmer, turning to lay a kind hand on the artist's shoulder, "don't be disheartened, not a mite! You're a young feller yet, so I speak, an' if you keep on as you've begun, nothin' w'd s'prise me less 'n I'd hear that you'd painted a real first-class picture some day. An' then these folks 'll be glad they had their likenesses painted by ye, jest 't say they've got some of your work."

After a few other words of hearty encouragement the farmer took his leave, with the happy consciousness that he had done his best to cheer a struggling artist on the road to fame.

**The Thunder Cloud and Wind.**

There arose a quarrel between the thunder shower and wind. At last, to settle the controversy, they each decided to show what they could do. The wind was given a first trial. It threw with force roofs to a great distance, unsung the gates, uplified trees, and at last overthrew a chicken coop. Then pausing, as if out of breath, it exclaimed: "See what I have done!" The thunder cloud smiled and said: "Try that stone schoolhouse and we will settle the quarrel." With great force the wind threw itself against the masonry, tore off a shutter or two and left. "Is that all you can do?" said the thunder cloud.

"But don't you think I am terrible?" "In your way, yes."

"What can you do?" said the wind, feeling too well satisfied to suppose that the thunder cloud could do more. "You have not seen me yet," said the cloud; with this speech it sent forth a flame that made the wind moan. "Try that schoolhouse yonder," said the still self-conceited wind, "and move it." The cloud frowned and gathered itself slowly as though waiting for the children to reach their homes. Then the cloud seemed to open and a shaft of fire descended upon the massive pile. It retired in a great roll of applause. The building was parted and stood a tottering mass of ruins.

The cloud retired and the wind hilled—the conflict was over. The thunder cloud was awarded the victory. And the wind, whistling and grumbling simply whispered, "There is something greater than I am after all."

Moral: Do not expatiate too much upon what you can do. It might be only a blow.—Germantown Telegraph.

**An Insect Sounding-board.**

Man's inventions are frequently but imitations more or less clumsy and ineffectual, of nature's own devices. It would appear, for instance, that even insects have sounding-boards, although they may be supposed to know nothing of the laws of acoustics.

Entomologists have recently discovered on the under side of the forewings of two Japanese insects, of the families elidria, a curious pit or hollow closely connected with an organ believed to be used by the insect for producing strident sounds. The pit would evidently serve to concentrate the sound as the shell-shaped orchestra stands at some of our seaside resorts, reflect the melody of the instruments to the ears of the auditors.

In the Khari hills in India another species of the same insect, has been found which possesses a similar set of organs. The shrill, creaking sounds that insects produce seldom fall pleasantly upon our ears, but they must produce a different effect in the insect world, else nature would hardly have provided these little musicians with sounding-boards.

**Energy of the Prize Ovensman.**

Prof. Trowbridge made investigations on the expenditure of energy by eight men during one of the college races. The distance, a four-mile course, or 21, 120 feet, was traversed in twenty-one minutes, there being a speed of about 1,000 feet a minute. The resistance of the boat at this speed was determined by experiment to be seventy-five pounds, and the work per minute for the eight men, therefore, was 75,000 foot pounds, which is 0.28 horse power per man. This is seven times the rate which strong laborers are compelled to maintain during a day's work.—Brooklyn Eagle.

**Association of Ideas.**

To remember one thing, connect it with another. That is a very good rule in mnemonics, but it needs to be observed with caution. An exchange reports a school room dialogue.

Teacher—With whom did Achilles fight at the battle of Troy?

Pupil—Pluto.

Teacher—Wrong; try again.

Pupil—Nero.

Teacher—Nero! How do you—

Pupil—Then it must have been Hector. I knew it was one of our three deities.

## STATE FAIR VISITORS' BUSINESS GUIDE.

(THESE CARDS APPEAR BUT ONCE.)

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